

The Jerry Springer Show

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Lucas stared up at the vid monitor mounted high on wall, and groaned out aloud. He found it hard to believe that was watching his own mother on the unit. She was seated in a chair, a furious glare marring her elegant features. An older gray-haired man approached her. Lucas turned the volume up so could catch what said between two.

"Welcome back. Our next guest is Laura," the man announced, in the background, Lucas could hear a crowd chanting "Jerry .. Jerry .. Jerry....."

"Laura. Do you know, what the topic for today's discussion is?" Jerry asked her pleasantly.

"Yes," Lucas's mother replied, in a single terse syllable, daggers shooting from her eyes at the show's host.

When it was obvious that was going to be the complete reply, Jerry turned smoothly to his studio audience and the cameras to announce, "Well, for those of you who have just joined us, on the Jerry Springer show, our topic for today is 'YOU RUINED MY LIFE.'"

The words flashed onto the screen, in large capital letters, as Jerry

spoke them. Lucas let out another pained groan. He could barely believe it, his mother was actually appearing on this show ... it all seemed so surreal.

Jerry turned back to his guest. "Now, Laura. Lets talk about your husband."

"My ex-husband." Laura corrected him, coldly.

Jerry looked down at the datapad in his hands for a moment, before looking back up at his guest again, "Pardon me, your ex-husband. Lets talk about him, did you really ruin his life?" Jerry managed to ask the question with a hint of real sounding innocence in his voice.

"No, of course I didn't ... that's preposterous, if anything, he is the one who ruined my life! He's the one that made it a living hell ..." Laura began, picking up momentum in her anger.

Jerry grinned like a shark, smelling blood in the water. He'd been a little concerned that this guest was going to be ice, his viewers didn't want ice, they wanted fire. With one, well planned statement, he had managed to get her emotions fired up until she was in a workable rage ... workable for his needs, of course. Jerry allowed his guest to rant for several minutes, expounding on the monstrous acts of her former husband. While Jerry kept a close eye on his audiences reactions; they were lapping it up.

Lucas sat silently in the cold blue-gray room, his eyes glued to the monitor, as he watched his mother viciously attack his father's character on international television. He was surprised at how much the words still hurt, after all, this wasn't the first time he'd heard it ... or even worse. He would have thought he would be immune to the hate by this stage. He was intensely grateful that he was alone in the room, with none of his friends close by. The fact that this was being transmitted around the world was hard enough, but if he'd been watching it among other sympathetic people, he knew he would have lost control.

Jerry judged the time was right to reign in his very animated guest, a little, and move on. He spoke loudly, cutting his guest off in mid-rant, "Well I think its time we meet the man who ruined our guest's life. Don't you?" he asked his audience, which replied with wolf whistles and an enthusiastic chant. "Jerry .. Jerry .. Jerry...."

"All right. Lets bring him out!" Jerry exclaimed, swinging back toward the stage and giving his stage bodyguards a wide sweeping, 'Come on', wave of his arm. Two of the tough looking bodyguards left the stage for a moment, then returned with Lawrence Wolenczak between them.

Lucas felt himself paling, as he took in the pure rage painted on his father's face. Lawrence Wolenczak strode angrily toward his ex-wife, his fists balling at his sides. One of the bodyguards positioned himself, in case he needed to intercede, and protect the show's female guest. The ratings polls had shown, very clearly, that although the viewers loved violence on the show they were fickle about the type of violence they saw. Women against women violence rated very highly, men fighting other men also rated well, but men

against women violence was a ratings turn off ... something to be avoided at all costs.

Lawrence stared at his ex-wife, oblivious to the bodyguard next to him. "You BEEEEEP! I ruined your life! You BEEP your the one that BEEP destroyed my BEEP life! you BEEP every BEEP BEEP thing!" Lawrence raged.

Lucas listened to his father's diatribe with relief, for one terrible moment, he'd been very worried his father was going to choose to argue with his fists instead of words. Lucas glanced over at the clock, he didn't have much time left before he had to go. The only problem was, he wasn't sure he was going to be able to just walk away from this monitor, and the almost mesmerizing family destruction it showed. A few minutes later Lucas ran out of time. The tall, dark skinned man stood at the entrance to the room, and called to him.

"Lucas, it's time to go."

With a final look to the monitor, Lucas followed the larger man out of the room and down the corridor.

Jerry had finally gotten his newest guest to calm down enough to be seated in the chair that had been set up for him, several feet away from the one his ex-wife occupied. The couple argued heatedly and loudly, often sprinkling the vicious comments with expletives, that the sound editors worked hard to beep out. Jerry glance around the audience, he could tell it was time to end this lull in the action, and move on to something more spicy.

"Well. This has been informative... but there is something we have neglected to inform either of our two guests of... You see, each one believes the other, has been responsible for their appearance here today. In fact, we have a third guest, who was responsible for both appearances. Lucas, would you like to come out here," Jerry called out over the almost animal hooting, chanting and howling of his audience.

The dark skinned bodyguard lead Lucas out onto the stage and placed a chair between his two stunned parents. Lucas sat rigidly in the chair, keeping his eyes firmly focused on the show's host, and avoiding direct eye contact with his parents. "Lucas, what is the meaning of this, have you.." Lucas' father began, but Lucas ignore him keeping his eyes trained to the front.

"Lucas, you have something you wanted to tell your parents ... I believe," Jerry said, cutting off Lawrence's statements, and directing his question to the boy in the center of the stage.

"Yes," Lucas began weakly, before clearing his throat and beginning again, in a much stronger voice. "Yes. I do. For years, I have been hoping one, or both of you, would take an interest in me. I am your son, but its been years since either of you showed the slightest concern for me. The waiting and hoping that you'll remember me, just hurts too much, and I'm putting a stop to it. You have ruined my life up to now but I'm not letting you do it to me anymore. I want to make it official, I have contacted a lawyer and started the separation process. I don't want to be spending my life, waiting, hoping I'll

hear from one of you anymore ... it's better to know for sure that I won't," Lucas finished his statement, and looked into the shell shocked faces of his parents. He felt the determination to stick to his decision rise in him.

"Lucas, separating from your parents is a big step. Why didn't you try to talk to your parents before it got this bad?" Jerry asked the teenager.

"I've tried, I can never get through, they never accept my calls or my guardian's calls - unless I'm hurt. Even then, they didn't come to see me. But this ... I didn't want to be like them. I wanted to tell them in person," Lucas said, trying to keep his voice remote and distant but a little of the pain he felt slipped through, despite his effort.

"I know you were a little hesitant to come on the show, is that why you agreed, so you could see them," Jerry asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes. This was the only way I could think to see them, I haven't been able to get into touch with my mother for 8 months, and my father for a little over 6 months. I haven't been in the same room with either of them for over a year. I've been without both of them for so long, I don't need them anymore. Either of them," Lucas finished and realized, for the first time, that it was really true. He had all the family he needed, he didn't need these near strangers in his life.

The audience was moaning with sympathy, and Jerry put on his saddest expression as he moved closer to the teenager on the stage. He put a comforting hand on the kid's shoulder for a moment, before he walked back to the centre stage. He shook his head sadly, in sympathy with his young guest's plight, and opened the floor for questions. Almost every hand in the room shot up instantly, Jerry had to quash the smile that threatened to show. The kid was a gold mine, the ratings were going to go through the roof for this one.

Finita.

End
file.